SUNDOWN.

Gone is the day of pure delight.
In silvered purple comes the night.

So sweet and short have been the hours
I gathered joys like summer flowers.

"O weary night," I cried, "begone
And leave me and my life alone!"

But the gray chambers of the west
Grew golden for their regal guest,

And in the east a starry sheen
Was herald to the dusky queen.

So now my joyous day is done,
And now has set my brightest sun.

Nay, murmur not! Beyond the hills
How many hopes his dawn fulfills.

Some glad youth eastward turns his eyes
To see his great day's dawn arise.

Some maiden, snowy souled and sweet,
Blushes her wedding morn to greet.

Some strong one, thrilling for the fight,
Now springs to draw his sword and smite.

While I rejoiced, these waited long.
My night brings on their morning song.

O sun, beyond the hills unseen,
Their day make glad as mine has been!
—Mary W. M. Falconer in Chambers' Journal.

FACING DEATH.

The strike at the foundry, starting from comparatively small grievances, had, thanks to the influence of a few of the leaders, reached a state where satisfactory settlement seemed impossible. The men had expected to be out a week or ten days at the most, but nearly two months had elapsed, and their position was almost desperate. Several deputations had waited on old Mr. Vice, the proprietor, but had been invariably referred back to the manager, with the understanding that he had full authority to deal with them.

The manager, Shotwell, a young man of intelligent sympathies, from the first had been willing, even eager, to discuss the men's grievances and help them to an understanding. But when he found that the leaders, to whom the men had intrusted their cause, not only were disposed to take advantage of his justice, but were seeking their own ends at the expense of the men, he suddenly changed his attitude and refused to listen to any proposals other than absolute surrender. He gave the three leaders to understand in the plainest language that under no consideration would he tolerate their presence in the shops again.

The result of this understanding and the contemptuous way in which the manager had expressed his opinion of the leaders and their scheming roused these men from sullen spite to hatred. They could not keep the men out or get back themselves unless—well, unless Shotwell changed his mind, and they knew him too well to hope for that.

Shotwell's obstinacy had surprised even old Mr. Vice, who had known him from boyhood—known him so well, in fact, that he had sanctioned the young man's engagement to Dorothy, his daughter. It was possibly the thought of a future partnership that made him so determined to stand to his guns now and show the old man and his sweetheart that he was capable of holding the reins.

Even Dorothy's lover hardly understood her. She had strange ideas of "soul communion" that made the matter of fact young man gasp, and she had an uncanny knack of demonstrating the proof of her beliefs by reading his unspoken thoughts with an accuracy that to a less healthy, wholesome young fellow might have been embarrassing. But withal she was so womanly and tender and her fancies so pretty that gradually he grew used to them and found himself often lingering over them and almost wishing they could be true.

To one of these fancies he had readily yielded. Each evening both sat wherever they might be in silence for a little time and let their thoughts go out freely to each other; "soul talks" Dorothy called them, and, whatever they were, the result was that his love for the girl grew more tender and he knew that in some subtle manner he was coming to understand her better and better each day. These times had been inexpressibly dear to him of late. They were his moments of absolute rest from the worry of the strike, and he always felt his brain refreshed and afterward was better able to cope with his growing difficulties.

The pulse of the strike was growing feverish, and night after night Shotwell had slept at the office, fearing some kind of attack on the premises. By the end of the week worry and lack of sleep had told heavily upon him, and as he sat smoking in the mysterious shadows of the early evening he determined that this must be his last night alone; he would get a watchman to aid him. His thoughts grew vague and mixed. His pipe fell to the floor and made him jump, then his eyes closed for a moment, opened sluggishly, dropped again, and he was fast asleep.

With a start and a fearful sense of oppression he awoke, struggling wildly in his chair; tried to cry out, and realized that he was tied down. A cloth was wound tightly over his mouth, while the room was filled with a subtle, sickly odor of chloroform. He heard a sneering laugh behind his chair and, "Well, yer took a purty good nap that time, didn't yer?" There was an answering growl from another throat, and the two men came round in front, both muffled in heavy coats and pieces of cloth covering the upper half of their faces. One of them carried a small black box somewhat gingerly to the desk and set it down in front of Shotwell. He turned a little brass key in it, and hidden machinery began to tick-tack, tick-tack, like a clock. He twisted the box around, and Shotwell saw a small dial, with the hands pointed to 9:50 o'clock. One of the men attached one end of a string to a lever on the box and with the greatest precaution tied the other end to Arthur's left wrist, then fixed another string to the same lever and to the other wrist.

"Now, see here, Mr. Shotwell, you've got just 46 minutes, and then that thing goes off, and God have mercy on your soul. If you should want the thing to go quicker, just struggle hard, and if you manage to pull either of them strings—well, I guess it'll oblige you."

"Now, Bill, we've got no time to waste. Here's the keys; you go for the safe, and I'll fix the desk."

Inside of 15 minutes Shotwell's guests had gone, leaving little trace of their visit except a faint odor of chloroform and that strange looking black box, with its monotonous tick tack, tick tack.

The whole thing had happened so suddenly and his brain was so heavy with the drug that the men were gone before he fully realized the horror of his position. As it dawned on him he could not believe it was true; it was some terrible nightmare. He strove to shake himself, but the tightening of the strings on his wrists and a half jar in the tones of that ceaseless tick tack brought him back to his senses with a chill of horror. He glared terror stricken at the little clock that was ticking off the moments of his life—a second each time. A few minutes and then—he broke out into a cold sweat; an unmanning fear of this unknown, cruel thing crept over him, and for awhile he sat, huddled in abject terror; then slowly the soul of the man steadied itself. He closed his eyes to pray, and the word that came was "Dorothy." With a fierce mental effort he pulled together his shaken faculties for her sake. For her he would die like a man. Perhaps she would know he had been no coward.

Tick tack, tick tack, 20 minutes past 10. Ah, it was time to sit and talk to "Dorrie." Well, he would do it—would give to her those last 20 minutes. And so he sat on, his face drawn and ghastly, but his courage firm—sat and bade a long goodby to the girl he loved; thought strong, manly thoughts of her that kept fear from his heart. But while his utmost self talked with Dorrie his flesh grew gray and pinched, the lonely silence broken only by the steady ticking of his clock of doom.

Dorothy that night sat reading, then later fell to wondering of Arthur alone in that great building, and at the thought of his loneliness all her heart went out to him, and perhaps some of her soul, for her body fell asleep [illegible] she, too, woke with a [illegible] of perplexity and fear [illegible] her. What was it? She [illegible] her head over her forehead, bewildered. What was it—why could she not remember? Then the ticking of the clock on the mantel caught her ear—caught it strangely, and she listened, breathless, trembling. Tick tack, tick tack! What did it mean? Then slowly and softly a solemn voice fell on her inner ear: "Goodby, Dorrie! Goodby, darling!"

"Ah!" She rose to her full height; was rigid there for an instant; then quietly: "Yes, I know. I understand." She walked quietly to her father's room, took his keys and, taking her hat and coat, slipped unseen out into the night.

Tick tack, tick tack—eight minutes more.

"Eight minutes—eight years. God! Can I wait? One brave spring now would end the torture, and— No, no, for Dorrie's sake, for the honor of love, I'll live my life out to the last bitter second." Shotwell closed his eyes a few moments; then, opening them, he saw a face in the doorway gazing at him. To him it seemed the soul of Dorrie, come to say "Goodby."

He was not afraid, hardly awed. It was not real. Dying men's eyes are sometimes strangely clear. He noticed the hat, the coat, the face drawn with fearful anguish. Souls did not look like that. It was Dorrie herself. A moment of wild joy was swallowed up in a still greater horror—"Dorrie!"—here, with that thing— O God! This was worst of all. But her quick hands touched him, deftly untying the handkerchief that gagged him, then delicately slipping those fearful strings from his wrists.

"How long, Arthur?" she whispered.

He glanced desperately at the clock.

"Two minutes. Don't stop to untie me. Water, quick! There's a bucket. Fill it at the tap. It's our only chance."

She comprehended instantly. Oh, how slow the water ran! She walked swiftly to the desk, took the box in her hands and carried it, ticking, to the bucket, placed it in and held it, trembling, as the water swallowed it, until there was a little rasping jar in the ticking. Shotwell drew one deep, long breath as he stooped over the girl and waited for what never came. One, two, three minutes passed. Then, with a breath of half fearful relief, he looked down at Dorrie. She was fast asleep, nestled in his arms and breathing peacefully.

He waked her with a kiss. She stared at him in sleepy surprise. "Why, Arthur, where am I? What is it, dear? How white you look, and see, the water's running all over the floor! You careless boy—I—oh, Arthur, I—take me home."—Aquila Kempster in Providence Telegram.

Sight Reading.

In an east side public school, where they teach reading in the lower grades by what is known as the sight system—that is, by talking of a subject supposedly interesting to the children and then writing sentences about it on the blackboard—the following incident occurred: The lesson related to nature and the subject of worms was touched upon. The teacher drew upon the blackboard the picture of a worm and underneath it wrote: "This is a worm. Do not step on it." This she read to the children, and the lesson for the day was ended. The next morning she called for volunteers to read the sentences, and a little miss of 6 responded to the call. Whether the trouble lay in the fact that an east side youngster's acquaintance with worms is not intimate or the teacher's merits as an artist are not great does not appear, but the little volunteer read:

"This is a warm doughnut. Step on it."—New York Sun.

WITH LOVING HANDS.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS THAT MAY BE MADE AT HOME.

An Odd and Useful Device For Sister or Mother—A Novel Gift For the College Student In Which the College Colors Are Employed.

Christmas gifts should not be too costly. Expensive gifts upset the equilibrium of things generally, for they necessitate a return in kind and so degenerate into commerce. Perhaps the most acceptable of all holiday presents are those that bear the imprint of loving hands, something homemade and handmade. Gifts for intimate friends and members of the family should not represent a sum of money, but rather affection and kind thoughtfulness.

One of the cutest things of a homely kind is a device for keeping shoe buttons, needles and thread together, and it may be readily rigged up by any one who has the least faculty for "making things." A clay pipe is the foundation, and it is dressed up as an old lady in a calico dress. The back of the pipe forms the face, with that sharp point for the

nose, and eyes and mouth are put on with pencil just as pipe nuns are made. The stem is then stuck into the spool of linen thread, which answers two purposes—that of holding the pipe up and of being handy when the thread is wanted. The old lady has a sunbonnet on her head, a fichu pinned around her neck with the shoe needle and a wide skirt. The buttons are in a bag that hangs on her sleeve. She also wears a white apron, upon which are written these words:

My name is Miss Piper.
I'm not a penwiper,
But if from your shoes
Your buttons you lose
Just bring them to me
And you'll readily see
With what great delight
I'll sew them on tight.

The difficulty of making suitable gifts for a brother or cousin who is away at college has been greatly lessened by bringing the college colors into requisition. This is especially pretty where there are two colors combined or three, as is the case with Johns Hopkins university.

A pretty present made on this plan is a brush broom case made in the shape of a shield. Those the writer has seen were for Yale and Princeton. White was combined with the Yale blue to relieve it. The upper part of the shield, which was made of pasteboard, was covered with plain blue satin, and the body of the shield was striped up and down with the blue and white. On the plain blue white flags are painted with the sticks crossing in the middle and having a blue Y on the flag sheet. The back is, of course, a plain piece covered with satin, and the shield hangs up by a ribbon. Put a brush broom in it and write "Brush Up" or something on the card and send it to the best college friend you have whose colors you have used.

Another present which can be made in college colors is a doll pincushion. A jointed doll about ten inches long is dressed in the colors desired—say yellow with black trimmings for Princeton. It is then set on a circular piece of cardboard seven or eight inches in diameter, and the silk skirt, which has been made large enough to admit it, is gathered together in the middle the underside of the cardboard. It h

been stuffed with lamb's wool or cotton batting, and when finished it makes a very good pincushion. These doll cushions were introduced in New York at the time of the Yale-Princeton football game, but they are just as acceptable at Christmas time.

Crimson for Harvard, blue for Yale, yellow and black for Princeton, brown and white for Brown, blue and white for Columbia, scarlet and brown for St. Lawrence, carnelian and white for Cornell—any of these colors combined to make the simplest kind of an article will please a young man who takes pride in his college and the appearance of his room.

OLD FASHIONED DISHES.

How to Prepare Simple Food That Is Not to Be Scoffed At.

Salted mackerel, such as is usually served broiled for breakfast, makes a most appetizing dish for any luncheon or Sunday night tea. Instead of broiling the fish, after it has been well freshened boil it slowly in a spider partly filled with water to which have been added a bay leaf, half a dozen pepper corns, three cloves, a slice of onion and a suspicion of vinegar. When the fish is cooked, place it upon a heated platter and pour around it a well seasoned cream dressing, or the freshened mackerel may be boiled in equal parts of milk and cream. When the fish is cooked, put it upon the dish it is to be served upon and set it where it will keep hot. Put over the fire in a small saucepan a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and as soon as it is melted stir into it a level spoonful of flour. Then gradually stir into this the liquid in which the fish has been cooked. Season with a little cayenne pepper, and when the dressing has thickened strain it over the prepared fish. Sprinkle chopped parsley over the whole and serve at once.

Pork and parsnips may not sound very inviting, but, properly prepared, are one of the most delicious of dishes. Clean pork of the size desired, score the rind and place it, meat side down, in a drip saucepan. Cut the parsnips into halves lengthwise and place them with the pork. Add a small amount of water, cover the vessel closely and place it over a slow fire. Cook until the meat and vegetables are tender. Remove the cover so that if there is any liquid left it may evaporate and the vegetables take on a golden color. Turn the pork, putting the rind side to the bottom of the vessel, and let it become well browned. Then place it in a hot platter and arrange the parsnips around the meat.

Picked up codfish, prepared in an appetizing manner, is not an inexpensive dish, as many consider it. Indeed, a housekeeper who excelled in making delicious dishes of salt cod, when asked to "give us creamed codfish for luncheon, it's cheap," replied, "Porterhouse steaks are just as cheap." For 2 cups of picked fish take about 3 cups of milk and cream. Put the fish in a saucepan and cover it with cold water. Let the water heat slowly to the boiling point, then drain it all off and add a cup each of cream and milk. Again put the fish over the fire and heat. Roll a piece of butter the size of an egg in flour and mix them together. Gradually add to the butter three parts of a cup of cream and stir this into the cream mixture, stirring them thoroughly together. Season the fish with pepper and turn it upon a platter holding squares of buttered toast. Place slices of hard boiled eggs over the top. Condensed milk is an excellent substitute for cream.

The deep apple pie of former days, known as "pan dowdy," is most excellent. Take a deep earthen dish that will hold about three quarts. Peel, quarter and core enough tart apples to fill this dish to the top. Sprinkle over the apples half a cup of sugar and a cup of molasses and a very little cinnamon. Pour over the whole half a cup of water. Cover the top with a pie crust about as thick as for a chicken pie. Place the dish in a slow oven and bake about 2½ hours. When the pie is taken from the oven, take a silver spoon and break the crust into the apples in several places. Then let it stand a couple of hours before serving.

How to Keep Crackers.

Crackers demand a warm, dry place, and they should not be stored near oil, fish or other strong smelling goods. Great care should be exercised by grocers in this respect. The cracker trade is one of the most important features of a general grocery business, and it should be taken care of. Crackers should be purchased in small quantities so that they will not have time to get stale before being sold. They should be kept, as stated, in a warm, dry place, and customers should be advised to place them in the oven a few minutes before using. This will restore their crispness, even though they have become damp and soggy.

How Chalk Is Made.

When received at the mill, the chalk is put into great machines and ground in water, then floated off into vats of water, where all the impurities and foreign substances are precipitated, the water being afterward drawn off by a series of filtering operations and the soft residuum dried by steam heat and exposure to the air. The susbtance is then reduced to a powder of different degrees of fineness by grinding in bur mills and belting, when it is ready to be packed in barrels and shipped for use, among the largest consumers being the rubber goods manufacturers. Rubber, in its crude state being sticky, unmanageable and available only for very simple purposes, becomes vulcanized and hardened by adding to it chalk while it is hot, thus rendering it suitable for the various uses to which it is put. As is well known, a large quantity of chalk is employed in the preparation of paint and putty, being termed whiting while in this form.

How to Clean Furs.

Put 2 quarts of fresh bran in a pan over the fire and stir it frequently to keep it from burning. Lay the fur upon the table, and when the bran is quite hot apply 2 or 3 handfuls of it to the fur and rub it in well with the hand. Repeat this process several times, always taking fresh, hot bran from the pan. When the fur is clean, shake it and brush it with a clean brush to remove any flour and dust which may remain.

How to Keep Salt Dry and Fine.

Whenever table salt becomes caked in its receptacles put into them a pinch of ground arrowroot, and the salt will remain perfectly dry and fine whatever the temperature may be.